On a Balcony

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On a Balcony

by anabridge

Summary

After six months apart, Mads and Hugh meet once again in the city where they fell in love.

Notes

This is a collection of all my threads posted on Twitter! Come say if you'd like!
@hannabitchwill

He doesn't need to look up to know that warm honey eyes have been following him all night long. He can feel the weight of that gaze across the room, pinning him in place. Despite the music, wine, and the people, all he can focus on is Mads.

Planning this visit was easy enough, he was between projects and Claire was still filming in New York. So when Mads asked him to visit Toronto while he filmed *Polar*, Hugh simply booked a flight. The memories of this place seemed to flood right back into him the moment he arrived.

And now, being in an apartment in this city, at another party filled with cast and crew members reminded Hugh of the night when he took the final leap and let himself have the one thing he resisted for so long.

He tried to stop letting his mind wander because every time he did, his cheeks flushed, and he knew that Mads would know exactly what he was thinking, again.

He was doing well so far. They both were. They had only touched during a quick embrace when he first arrived.

Mads whispered a quick "It's good to see you," into his ear while running his fingers down his neck gently. That was the extent to which they had touched all night long.

But Hugh still felt those fingers ghosting against his neck. Even now, as he laughed at yet another joke while he pretended to mingle. The time dragged.

Then he felt a gush of cold wind and looked across the room again to see that Mads was making his way onto the balcony for a smoke. Hugh smiled, of course, Mads knew he would follow. He never really managed to stay away for long.

Outside, Mads is alone, and the balcony is dark. So as he comes up behind the man who's been attuned to his every movement since they filmed King Arthur, he can't help but rest a hand across Mads' back, tracing up the defined muscles he's grown so accustomed to over the years.

The cigarette dangles between Mads' fingers and Hugh reaches down to take a small drag from that hand, his eyes never leaving Mads'. He slowly releases the smoke as Mads' eyes glint in the moonlight, the crinkles near his eyes stretch as he grins, his teeth on full display.

"How much longer?" he asks. He simply can't wait. It's been half a year and the sharp tang of Mads' cologne mixed with his own musky scent after a day on set is irresistible.

Mads reaches an arm out around Hugh's shoulders, "Only an hour or so, I think." Hugh leans his elbows against the railing of the balcony. He can't help but pout slightly as he responds, "I've waited six months, Mads. Now I have to wait until every person leaves this apartment when the one person I want to spend time with is moping out here in the cold." Then, with a pause, he adds, "At his *own* party. Now how is that fair?" Hugh refuses to meet his eyes.

"We've never gone this long without seeing one another, Mads."

He'd been afraid for a while now, that he needed this more than Mads. He's felt far too needy every time he messages and doesn't get a reply until days later. The man owned a bloody expensive phone he didn't know how to use.

Hugh lets out a deep breath, closes his eyes. He huffs into the cold Toronto air. A few moments pass and then he hears soft snickering next to him. He opens his eyes and glares, bewildered and angry. "Seriously? You find this funny?" he asks.

"No, no. No, Hugh, not at all. I just... How do I put this?" Mads looks up into the night as he thinks. Then he says, with a command in his tone that is usually reserved for the bedroom, "Look at me, Hugh."

Mads tilts Hugh's face up one finger. "I haven't been able to think of anything but you this entire time. This damned city, everything about it reminds me of you. And now that I have you here with me, it means the world." Hugh finally meets his eyes with a small smile.

"I missed you so much," Hugh says timidly. Mads steps closer, his lean frame settles snugly against Hugh's. For just a moment, he rests their foreheads together.

Mads hums a positive note in agreement. "It feels right, having you here with me."

And even though he knows anyone could come out and see them like this, Mads can't resist any longer. He reaches down and slides his nose across Hugh's jawline, breathing in deeply. He places one, tender kiss at the hollow of Hugh's throat.

"You'll have everything and more very soon, my love" Mads promises as he pulls away and straightens his shirt. "Once each and every set of prying eyes leaves this damned party."

Hugh chuckles. Their gazes meet, and a heat-filled moment passes between them. Blue and hazel eyes communicate three little words without saying anything. Although they haven't said the words out loud yet, they both know neither of them needs to. It's been this way for a long time now. And perhaps the only reason Hugh had begun to doubt their love was because he had gone so long without seeing Mads look at him like he was the only thing that mattered. Seconds, minutes, passed as they simply looked.

Then, Mads handed him the cigarette. Because he was the host, he left the balcony first. Hugh followed a few minutes later.

Later that night, after everyone had left (including Hugh in order to not raise any suspicion), Mads heard three sharp taps at his front door. Their knock.

Mads opens the door with a grin and welcomes Hugh into his arms. Cradling the back of Hugh's neck he asks, "Now what's that American saying again? Good things come to little boys who wait their turn?" Mads asks curiously.

Hugh laughs heartily between them. "Yes, Mads. It goes something like that."

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